

The Blueberry Plant (Blueberry Inflation, Futanari, Persona)

The doors opened with a schunk, revealing two lines of big, *juicy* human berries.

Taking a deep sniff of their sugary scent, Nomi strode into the juicing room, her tail swishing behind her. Seeing her, the twenty or so human volunteers she'd bullied into running the place stopped working to stare... at least until a good glare sent them scurrying back to work.

The nearest, a ginger with glasses, had been caught in the middle of fitting one of the blueberries' pumps. Sweating (or perhaps it was just the juice), she clambered up a ladder and struggled to fit it to the bloated, blue-skinned woman's cock. The berry herself moaned, sloshing side to side in her harness, and a thick stream of juice shot out of her penis into the cup, which sucked it away with a rumbling from the vacuum.

Chuckling, Nomi strode on, her heels clacking against the floor as she headed deeper into the plant.

Blueberries weren't the only type of berry on display, of course. There were also grapes, blackberries, raspberries, cranberries and even one banana, which didn't produce much in the way of juice but was certainly entertaining to look at.

She strolled onward, enjoying both the moaning and the sloshing of the berries and the practiced looks of deference from her volunteers as they hurried about their work.

Unfortunately for one of her unwilling minions, they were so focused on avoiding her wrath they tripped on one of the juice lines: with a scream, the unfortunate brunette toppled, and the juice pail she was holding hit the ground and popped its lid, venting its contents skyward in a frothy blue eruption. She squealed, struggling to shield her face, as it covered her from head to toe.

Nomi stopped to watch, her head cocked, as the unfortunate worker fought to get the stuff off. Some of her colleagues were rushing in to help, but the older, more experienced volunteers (if only by a matter of hours) had the sense to stay away from her. You didn't want to be next to a fresh berry when it started squirting, after all.

With a sudden gasp, the brunette doubled over, clutching a gut that looked considerably rounder and bluer. "N-nononono!" Wrapping her arms around it, she squeezed like it would reverse the process, but all she achieved was forcing the juice into her boobs and her thighs. "Nn~!"

As Nomi and the rest of those gathered watched, the unfortunate woman's belly swelled, pumped up till it was as big and as blue as a beachball (a blue one). The color spread faster than the swelling, and by the time it reached her hands and feet, her gut had doubled in size again, stretching the limbs bearing them far apart in the process. Her boobs and her buttocks weren't spared the change: as soon as her stomach reached its limit, the juice

spread to them too, and soon they were just as fat and round and squeaky. Her work uniform made one final futile attempt to hold her in and gave up with a resounding *rrrrrip*.

By now she'd started to squirt as well, firing tiny drops of blueberry juice from her exposed nipples and pussy. The other workers darted back, keen to stay out of her range, but she wasn't overflowing yet: her body could still hold a lot more juice before the excess started leaking.

With a loud *glorp*, the girl's body underwent another round of growth. Her upper arms and legs disappeared into her increasingly rotund belly, and the weight of her swollen buttocks dragged her down to the floor, where she sat shaking her arms and her legs feebly. By now she was the size of a small car, her ripped, blueberry-stained overalls drawn tight around her, her skin squeaking with the strain of holding in so much juice. And the stuff still had one last surprise in store for her:

Her clitoris twitched, shook, twanged like a spring stopper, and with a giant *boing*, stretched into a long, veiny cock, while her vagina disgorged a pair of fat, blueberry balls. She spasmed, moaned, and finally: ejaculated, forcing one of her colleagues to dodge to avoid the thick blue stream of cum.

For the next couple of minutes, Nomi stood and watched with a faint smile, as with a series *glorps* and *squeaks* and an increasingly large amount of sloshing, the brunette's poor, abused body bloated from the size of a small car to a large one and from there to something closer to a bus. By the time her swelling finally slowed – her skin unable to suffer any further strain without popping – she was a sack of bloated blue flesh almost as tall as the ceiling, her orb-like body deformed by its own weight and spilling out across the floor in a pile of its own juices. And there was a lot of the stuff now: it poured out of her nipples and her penis both, forcing the other workers to dart back lest they be caught by it. Her head, so sunken into her own girth it was barely visible, released a feeble moan and coughed some of the stuff up too.

Nomi clapped her hands. "Well, what are nyou all standing around for? Get her in a pen and hooked-up, nya."

Her minions hurried to carry out her orders.

Nomi, meanwhile, continued on to the very end of the hall, where one particularly special blueberry lay moaning and squirting in her pen:

'Ann Takamaki' read the name on the gate.

Flapping her tiny, bat-like wings, Nomi flitted into the air and landed atop her, boots producing a squelch as they sank into her flesh. Ann, barely able to see her from the pit of her own neck, released a little moan – it was the only sign she was still aware.

"Enjoying nyourself, nya?" said Nomi, running a finger around Ann's swollen nipples. "I thought I'd come and see how nyou're getting on, nya." She floated down to the blueberry's

fat cock and stroked it. "I know nyou weren't very happy last time I came here, so I arranged to have some of nyour friends delivered. Oh, there's one now, being hooked up to the juicer."

(Nearby, Makoto Nijima moaned as a suction cup wrapped around her swollen cock.)

"I'm sure," Nomi purred, "they'll have just as much fun as nyou are~."

Ann groaned.